

Reigne in all bosomes, that each heart being set
On bloody Courtes, the rude Scene may end,
And darknesse be the burier of the dead. (Honor.)

L. Bar. Sweet Earle, diuorce not wisdom from your
Mor. The liues of all your louing Complices
Leane on your health, the which if you giue o're
To stormy Passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the euent of Warre (my Noble Lord)
And summ'd the account of Chance, before you said
Let vs make head: It was your presumize,
That in the dole of blowes, your Son might drop.
You knew he walk'd o're perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, then to get o're:

You were aduis'd his flesh was capeable
Of Wounds, and Scarres; and that his forward Spirit
Would lift him, where most trade of danger rang'd,
Yet did you say go forth: and none of this
(Though strongly apprehended) could restrain
The stiffe-borne Action: What hath then befallne?
Or what hath this bold enterprize bring forth,
More then that Being, which was like to be?

L. Bar. We all that are engaged to this losse,
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous Seas,
That if we wrought our life, was ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd for the gaine propos'd,
Choak'd the respect of likely perill fear'd,
And since we are o're-set, venture againe.

Mor. 'Tis more then time: And (my most Noble Lord)

I heare for certaine, and do speake the truth:

The gentle Arch-bishop of Yorke is vp

With well appointed Powres: he is a man

Who with a double Surety bindes his Followers,

My Lord (your Sonne) had onely but the Corpses

But shadowes, and the shewes of men to fight;

For that same word (Rebellion) did diuide

The action of their bodies, from their soules,

And they did fight with queasinesse, constrain'd

As men drinke Potions; that their Weapons only

Seem'd on our side: but for their Spirits and Soules,

This word (Rebellion) it had froze them vp,

As Fish are in a Pond. But now the Bishop

Turnes Infurrection to Religion,

Suppos'd sincere, and holy in his Thoughts:

He's follow'd both with Body, and with Minde:

And doth enlarge his Rising, with the blood

Of faire King Richard, set ap'd from Pomfret stones,

Deriues from heauen, his Quarrell, and his Cause:

Tels them, he doth bestride a bleeding Land,

Gasping for life, vnder great Bullingbrooke,

And more, and lesse, do flocke to follow him.

North. I knew of this before. But to speake truth,

This present greefe had wip'd it from my minde.

Go in with me, and counsell euery man

The aptest way for safety, and reuenge:

Get Posts, and Letters, and make Friends with speed,

Neuer so few, nor neuer yet more need. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, and Page.

Fal. Sirra, you giant, what saies the Doct. to my water?

Page. He said sir, the water it selfe was a good healthy
water: but for the party that ow'd it, he might haue more
diseases then he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at mee: the

braine of this foolish compounded Clay-mant, is not able
to inuent any thing that tends to laughter, more then
inuent, or is inuented on me. I am not onely witty in my
selfe, but the cause that wit is in other men. I doe heere
her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Ser-
uice for any other reason, then to set mee off, why then I
haue no iudgement. Thou horson Mandrake, thou art
fitter to be worne in my cap, then to wait at my heeles. I
was neuer mann'd with an Agot till now: but I will lette
you neyther in Gold, nor Siluer, but in wilde apparell, and
send you backe againe to your Master, for a Jewell. The
Iusnell (the Prince your Master) whose Chin is not yet
fledg'd, I will tooner haue a beard grow in the Palme of
my hand, then he shall get one on his cheek: yet he will
not stick to say, his Face is a Face-Royall. Heauen may
finish it when he will, it is not a haire amisse yet: he may
keepe it still at a Face-Royall, for a Barber shall neuer
earne six pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if
he had writ man euer since his Father was a Batchellour.
He may keepe his owne Grace, but he is almost out of
mine, I can assure him. What said M. Dombledon, about
the Satten for my short Cloake, and Slops?

Page. He said sir, you should procure him better Assu-
rance, then *Bardolfe*: he would not take his Bond & yours,
he lik'd not the Security.

Fal. Let him bee damn'd like the Glutton, may his
Tongue be hotter, a horson *Achitophel*; a Rascally yet
forsooth-knaue, to beare a Gentleman in hand, and then
stand vpon Security? The horson smooth-pates doe now
weare nothing but high shoes, and bunches of Keyes at
their girdles: and if a man is through with them in ho-
nest Taking-up, then they must stand vpon Securitie: I
had as lief they would put Rats-bane in my mouth, as
offer to stoppe it with Security. I look'd hee should haue
sent me two and twenty yards of Satten (as I am true
Knight) and he sends me Security. Well, he may sleepe in
Security, for he hath the horne of Abundance: and the
lightnesse of his Wife shines through it, and yet cannot
he see, though he haue his owne Lanthorne to light him.
Where's *Bardolfe*?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship
a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paules, and hee'l buy mee a horse
in Smithfield. If I could get mee a wife in the Stewes, I
were Mann'd, Hors'd, and Wiu'd.

Enter Chief Justice, and Seruant.

Page. Sir, heere comes the Nobleman that committed
the Prince for striking him, about *Bardolfe*.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Ser. *Falstaffe*, and t' please your Lordship.

Just. He that was in question for the Robbery?

Ser. He my Lord, but he hath since done good seruice

at Shrewsbury: and (as I heare) 'tis now going with some

Charge, to the Lord *John of Lancaster*.

Just. What to Yorke? Call him backe againe.

Ser. Sir *John Falstaffe*.

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deafe.

Page. You must speake lowder, my Master is deafe.

Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.

Go plucke him by the Elbow, I must speake with him.

Ser. Sir *John*.

Fal. What a yong knaue and beg? Is there not warre
there not imployment? Doth not the King lack subiects? Do
not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a shame to be

on any side but one, it is worse shame to begge, then to
be on the worst side, were it worse then the name of Re-
bellion can tell how to make it.

Ser. You mistake me Sir.

Fal. Why sir? Did I say you were an honest man? Set-
ting my Knight-hood, and my Souldier-ship aside, I had
lyed in my throat, if I had said so.

Ser. I pray you (Sir) then set your Knighthood and
your Souldier-ship aside, and giue mee leave to tell you,
you lye in your throat, if you say I am any other then an
honest man.

Fal. I giue thee leaue to tell me so? I lay a-side that
which growes to me? If thou get'st any leaue of me, hang
me: if thou tak'st leaue, thou wert better be hang'd: you
Hunt-counter, hence: Auant.

Ser. Sir, my Lord would speake with you.

Just. Sir *John Falstaffe*, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord: giue your Lordship good time of
the day. I am glad to see your Lordship abroad: I heard
say your Lordship was sicke. I hope your Lordship goes
abroad by aduise. Your Lordship (though not clean past
your youth) hath yet some smack of age in you: some rel-
ish of the falnesse of Time, and I most humbly beseech
your Lordship, to haue a reuerend care of your health.

Just. Sir *John*, I sent you before your Expedition, to
Shrewsburie.

Fal. If it please your Lordship, I heare his Maiestie is
return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

Just. I talke not of his Maiestie: you would not come
when I sent for you?

Fal. And I heare moreover, his Highnesse is false into
this same whorion Apoplexie.

Just. Well, heauen mend him. I pray let me speake with
you.

Fal. This Apoplexie is (as I take it) a kind of Lethar-
gie, a sleeping of the blood, a horson Tingling.

Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath it originall from much greefe; from study
and perturbation of the braine. I haue read the cause of
his effects in *Galen*. It is a kinde of deafnesse.

Just. I thinke you are false into the disease: For you
heare not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well (my Lord) very well: rather an't please
you) it is the disease of not Listning, the malady of not
Marking, that I am troubled withall.

Just. To punish you by the heeles, would amend the
attention of your eares, & I care not if I be your Physician.

Fal. I am as poore as *Iob*, my Lord; but not so Patient:
your Lordship may minister the Potion of imprisonment
to me, in respect of Prouerie: but how I should bee your
Patient, to follow your prescriptions, the wife may make
some dram of a scruple, or in deede, a scruple it selfe.

Just. I sent for you (when there were matters against
you for your life) to come speake with me.

Fal. As I was then aduised by my learned Councell, in
the lawes of this Land-seruice, I did not come.

Just. Well, the truth is (sir *John*) you lye in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot lye in lesse.

Just. Your Meanes is very slender, and your wast great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise: I would my Meanes
were greater, and my waste slenderer.

Just. You haue mislead the youtifull Prince.

Fal. The yong Prince hath mislead mee. I am the Fel-
low with the great belly, and he my Dogge.

Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound: your
daies seruice at Shrewsbury, hath a little gilded ouer
your Nights exploit on Gads-hill. You may thanke the

vnquiet time, for your quiet o're-posting that Action.

Fal. My Lord?

Just. But since all is wel, keep it so: wake not a sleeping

Fal. To wake a Wolfe, is as bad as to smell a Fox.

Just. What you are as a candle, the better part burnt out

Fal. A Wasell-Candle, my Lord; all Tallow: if I did
say of wax, my growth would approue the truth.

Just. There is not a white haire on your face, but shold
haue his effect of grauity.

Fal. His effect of grauy, grauy, grauy.

Just. You follow the yong Prince vp and downe, like
his euill Angell.

Fal. Not so (my Lord) your ill Angell is light: but I
hope, he that lookes vpon mee, will take mee without
weighing: and yet, in some respects I grant, I cannot go:
I cannot tell. Vertue is of so litle regard in these Costor-
mongers, that true valor is turn'd Beare-heard, Pregnan-
cie is made a Tapster, and hath his quicke wit wasted in
giuing Recknings: all the other gifts appertinent to man
(as the malice of this Age shapeth them) are not woorth a
Gooseberry. You that are old, consider not the capaci-
ties of vs that are yong: you measure the heat of our Li-
uers, with the bitternesse of your galls: & we that are in the
vaward of our youth, I must confesse, are waggies too.

Just. Do you set downe your name in the scrowle of
youth, that are written downe old, with all the Charac-
ters of age? Haue you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yel-
low cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing
belly? Is not your voice broken? your winde short? your
wit single? and euery part about you blasted with Anti-
quity? and wil you cal your selfe yong? *Fy, fy, fy, sir John.*

Fal. My Lord, I was borne with a white head, & som-
thing a round belly. For my voice, I haue lost it with hal-
lowing and singing of Anthemes. To approue my youth
farther, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in iudge-
ment and vnderstanding: and he that will caper with mee
for a thousand Markes, let him lend me the mony, & haue
at him. For the boxe of th'care that the Prince gaue you,
he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a iens-
sible Lord. I haue checkt him for it, and the yong Lion re-
pents: Marry not in ashes and sacke-cloath, but in new
Silke, and old Sacke.

Just. Well, heauen send the Prince a better companion.

Fal. Heauen send the Companion a better Prince: I
cannot rid my hands of him.

Just. Well, the King hath seuer'd you and Prince Har-
ry, I heare you are going with Lord *John* of Lancaster, a-
gainst the Archbishop, and the Earle of Northumberland.

Fal. Yes, I thanke your pretty sweet wit for it: but
looke you pray, (all you that kisse my Ladie Peace, at
home) that our Armies ioyne not in a hot day: for if I take
but two shirts out with me, and I meane not to sweat ex-
traordinarily: if it bee a hot day, if I brandish any thing
but my Bottle, would I might neuer spit white againe:

There is not a dangerous Action can peepe out his head,
but I am thrust vpon it. Well, I cannot last euer.

Just. Well, be honest, be honest, and heauen blesse your
Expedition.

Fal. Will your Lordship lend mee a thousand pound,
to furnish me forth?

Just. Not a peny, not a peny: you are too impatient
to beare crosses. Fare you well. Commend mee to my
Cousin Westmerland.

Fal. If I do, fillop me with a three-man-Beetle. A man
can no more separate Age and Couetousnesse, then he can
part yong limbes and lechery: but the Gowt galles the